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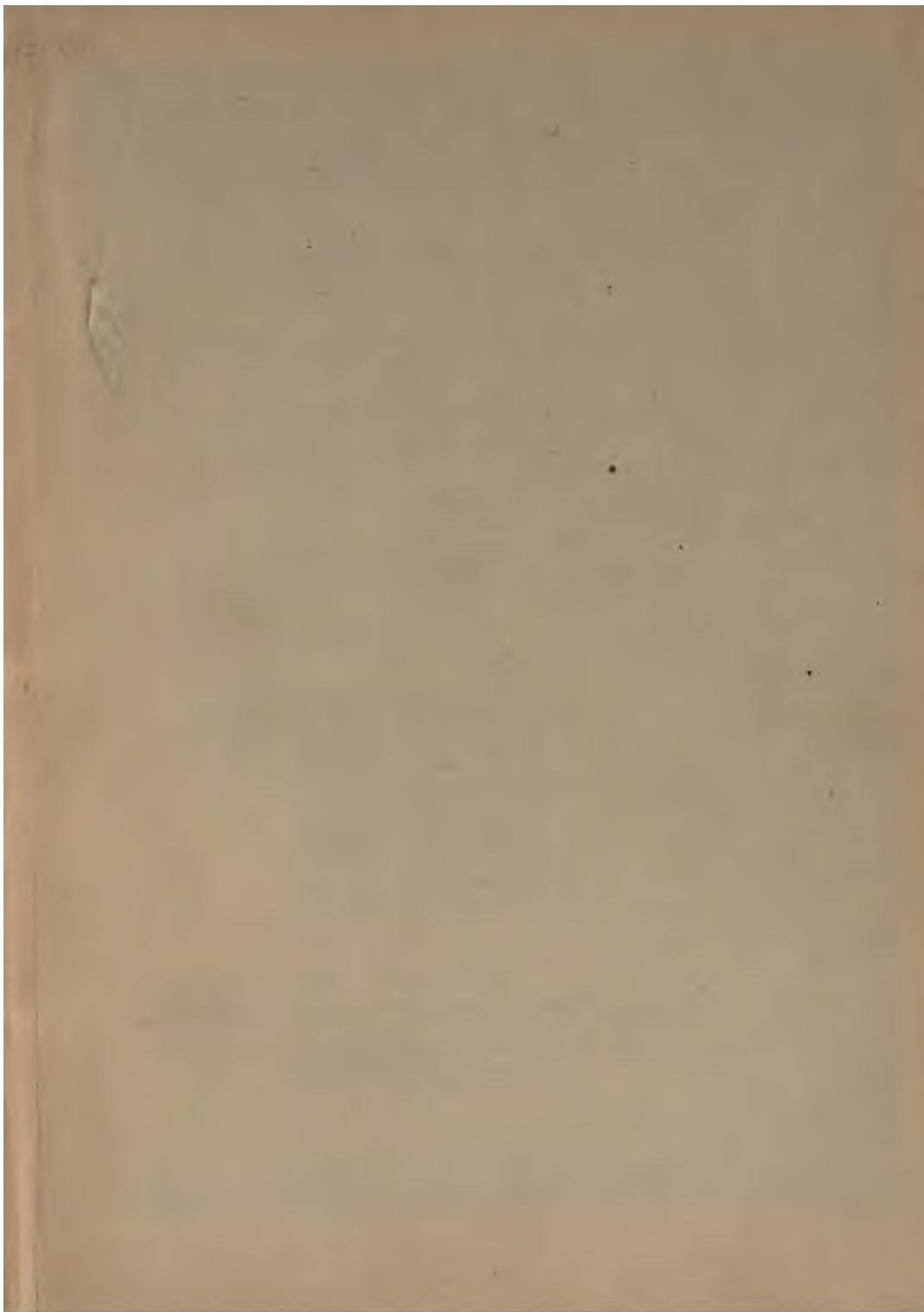
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CLASS OF 1828



R - der  
einen  
etwa  
oder  
man und  
gefolgt -  
und  
dass, die  
durch - M, S,  
Das



*Constant Lusina.*

The amorous passi-

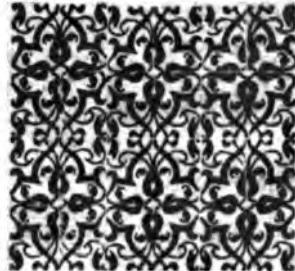
ons of *Paurinio* a surfeiting Louer,

with the constancie of *Lusina* a

Country Mayd.

Richard Turner.

*Rien sans peine.*



AT LONDON.

Printed for William Kirkham, dwelling at the  
little North-doore of Paules Church, at the signe  
of the Black-boy. 1599.





120

28.

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-1839-  
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

FOUNDED BY WILLIAM PENN  
IN 1696  
AT THE END OF THE 17TH CENTURY

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS  
IS A RELIGIOUS BODY

To the right Worhipfull, Maister  
Edmond Traffort of Traffort Esquire,  
Richard Turner wylleth encrease of  
honorable vertues.

HE Troians (right VVorshipfull) when they sought to pacifie the wrath of Pal-  
nas, presented Books and Launces to sig-  
nifie her Deity, as well defended by Let-  
ters as Armies. And those which desired  
to be in fauour with Alexander, brought him eyther  
wise Phylosophers or hardy Souldiers. Seeing then  
that gyfts are the more gratefully accounted, by how  
much the more they fitte the humour of the party to  
whom they are presented : so I desirous, part for  
Courtney sake, but chiefly to gratifie your VVor-  
shippe with some thing that might signifie my great  
good will towardes you ; so finding my ability to be  
vnfit to present you with any thing of worth ; at last I  
thought conuenient to prelume so farre as to trouble  
your VVorship with this short Pamphlet, grounding  
my hope you will accept of it willingly ; because the  
Author is and will be a well witter to your VVorship ;  
and as it is, so so thinke of it, & if it please you to per-  
vise it with patience the oftner , otherwyse to yecide  
your VVorships fauour to say it is a Booke, and so let  
it passe : the volume is little, but drawne from a large





*The Epistle.*

principle, the amorous passions of Paurinio a surfeiting Louer, wherein also high disdayne is rewarded with hot distresse; a precious spectacle for Gentlemen to behold, least in condemning loue, they bee with Paurinio ouer-reached in loue, & so with him prooue passionate, and yet vnpittied. Thus (right VVorshipfull) with a fauourable insight, enter more into the mind of the giuer, than the woorth of the gift, I commit your VVorship vnto the Almighty.

Your Worships humbly  
to commaund, R. T.

T The trulſy Traffort alwaies was  
R Right good vnto the poore,  
A And eke a worthy name he had,  
F Far passing heeretofore.  
F For stately deeds of Chivalry  
O Our Countrey plaine can tell,  
R Recorded in his valiant Armes,  
T That Traffort did excell.

To

To all courteous and gentle  
Readers.



Ente Readers, standynge smuzzed  
at my uncarred wroke, and seeing it was not adorned with green  
Bayes, nor yet weocthy to attayne  
so great a fawour as to present the  
lealfe sprout of Pales Bay tree. I  
thought rather to abyde the ma-  
ny frumps of Morris, and pall  
afunder these vntreacherent lynes,  
than to abide the frumps of every  
foc. Thus restynge my selfe content, though every day in a  
contrary mind, whether to pall my wroke afunder, or to blaze  
it abroad, and so abide that which every curios Reader would  
afford, as guerdon for my labour. Then (courteous Readers)  
callynge to minde that right Worshippfull, to whom I present  
this Pamphlet. I presumed so much on his favourable accep-  
tance, to blaze my wroke abroade; in so much that the gre-  
atest paine being past, nougat remayning but each courteous  
Readers good will, the which I trust doublesse to attayne by  
this pleasant Pamphlet. And though it be lumping with Vul-  
can, yet they will accepte of it with Venus for a diance. And  
so if it please them not to passe it with patience,  
otherwysse to thanke the Author for  
his paines, who euer was and e-  
uer will bee yours to  
comand.

Richard Turner.





The Booke to the Author his  
friendly Causet.

*Author.*

R Eade simple for certaine,  
condemne not my skill:  
Despise not my doings,  
but wey my good will.

*Booke.*

Be not too bold to blaze abroade  
thy Booke of little skill;  
Least *Momus* mates deride thy state,  
and wey not thy good will.

*Author.*

I wey not *Momus* mocking mates,  
which will my state deside:  
For I will publish forth my worke  
amidst the world so wide.

*Booke.*

Stay erft a while thy running pen,  
take counsell of thy friend,  
Then blaze abroad thy little Booke,  
which lately thou hast pend.

My

*Author.*

My friend doth counsell me  
to publish forth my deede,  
That printers may paint forth my work  
for Gentlemen to reade.

*Booke.*

Be not tok rash with running pen,  
cut off that bluntnish end :  
Least other Writers take in hand  
thy many faults to mend.

*Author.*

Should I not shew my great good will,  
Tho Pallas wit I want :  
If Plato should paint forth the worke,  
proud Momus still would taunt.

*Booke.*

When then I rest and give thee leaue  
to blaze abroad with speed,  
Paurinios amorous paissions  
for Gentlemen to read.

*Author.*

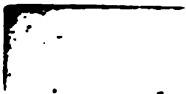
Then passe my little booke :  
tho euery one thee blame :  
If any misse misliked be,  
let Turner have the shame.

R. T.

B.







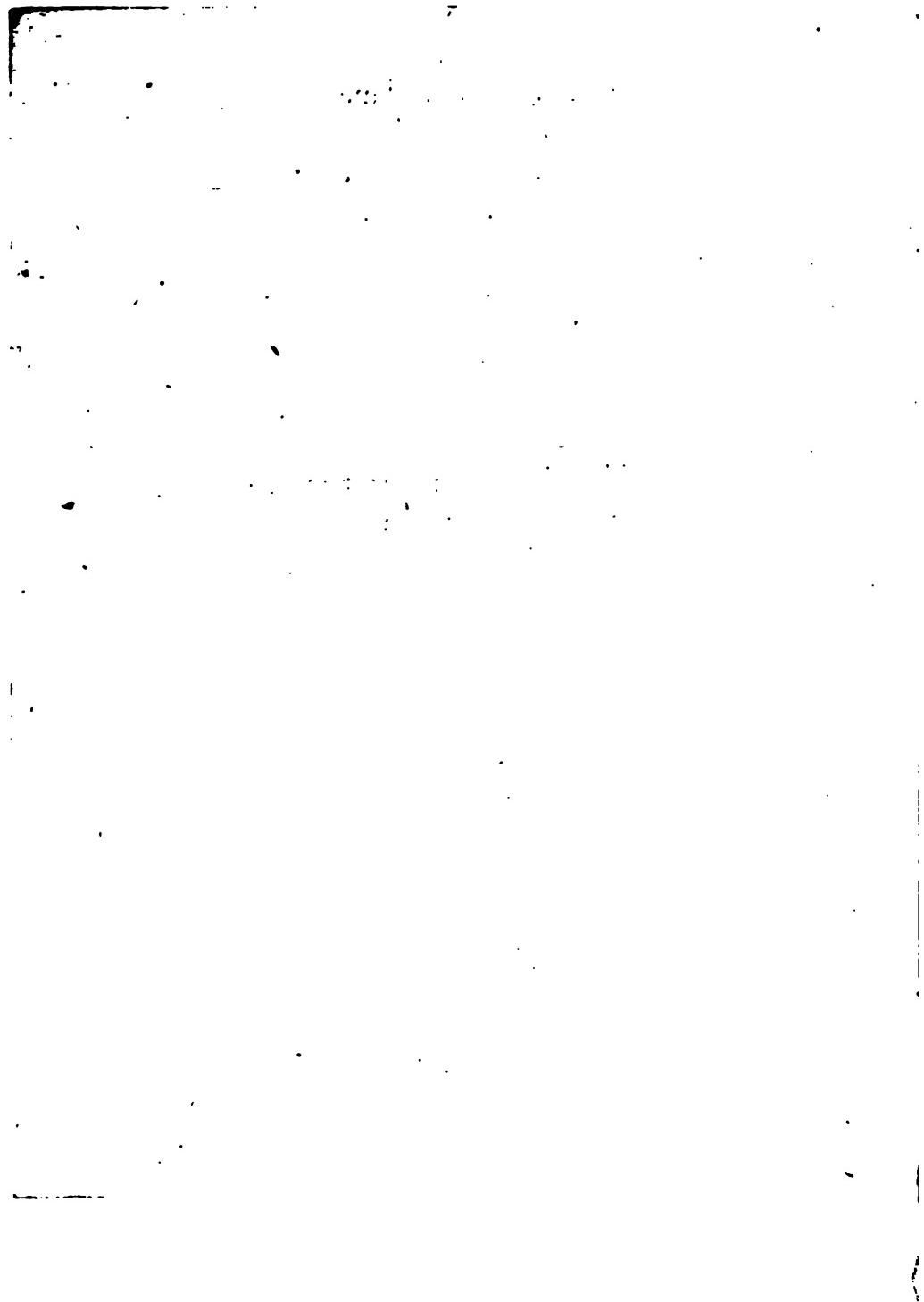
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## The amorous passions of Paurinio, a surfeiting Louer. (\*)

**I**n Bohemia reigned a King named Egistus, famous for his deeds of Chivalry, who had to son Paurinio, fayre by nature, and learned by education: In so much that Egistus was very carefull of him, watching like Argos over him, fearing least he should fal in love with some beutifull Curtizan, and therewith dishonour both his birth and parentage: the which Paurinio perceiving, and Phoebus no sooner vailed the Curtaine of the night, but her gote up, leaving his Father in a golden sleepe, he walked to tyme of Floras smells, and so to recreate himselfe where Lady Vir had placed her mantles grene, where Paurinio thinking to passe the tyme with viewing of natures workes, chanced to glaunce his eye aside, & gazed on Venus Temple, where in a bally he had espied one fairer then Venus: nay, surpassing all the Goddesses in beauty: his passions were prest so deeply: with that drawing himselfe nearer and nearer, till at last he was so gawled with griefe, that presently he was forced to crame fauour to heale his festerred body.

In this manner taking her by the hand: Fayre Nymph quoth her, why shold I call her so: nay fayre of all fayres, and the sweetest perfection of earthly content, whose beautie doth surpass the blush that glorified Luna, when she kiss the Shepheard on the hills of Larros, nay fayrer than that





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## The Amorous passions

Amorous passionnes are the best; he that will  
not have them, will have none else. I am very happy making this  
speech before you all; for the Queenes more glorious, can neither  
make her selfe better than I do. But I can commande the  
Queens of loue to grace thee with a smile, or else that  
Priamus image, to court thee with a hooke: or had I in posses-  
sion that golden ball; nor Juno for her thid in herthal deas,  
nor Pallas for her eloquence, nor Venus for her beauty shold  
enjoy the same: but this fayre of all faire, shoulde haue it  
from them all. Then fayre ge to fauour, and let me faint no  
more.

### Lafosse

Amorous hearts Princes, heartes are not to gaze so high,  
Neare they agtch a fayre wife: and Country maidens make  
courage therelues to match with Country Swaines, and  
not with countey knyghts: therefore pardon my Lord, I can  
not loue.

### Paurinio

Come crede althou to count our countly names, and spye  
any time here with a country drudge: A Country drudge  
why shold I call her so, when her beauty well deserves a  
princely Crolme? Nay I will honour her and loue her, if  
all my friendes against me frowne, Faire prospect of my  
young hart, yield fauour to thine assured friend, who lyues,  
though dyng line to set thy beautis blos; on earth.

### Lufina

Faire Prince, were your loue so faithfull as your husband  
liame faire, I woulde not bes so foolish to grant you any fa-  
vour. Princes shold affect to loue, and neots lust; and as  
for my Virginitie, it is the flower of my youth: then not to  
be defaced with a faithlesse louer.

### Paurinio

## of Paurinio.

Paurinio.

False beauty blazeth so bold a posturall, especially to  
one armes that thus augmented; my friende, which now  
thou beame me to confesse, to which am I leaving ppa-lesayng  
affectiones on to bold a posturall : say Lusina, whether just  
make now the sole commandement of thy beauty, thou shal  
 finde me constant, louing, loyall, & true hearted, and to gaine  
all my friends hate to obtaine thy loue.

Lusina.

Thou hast gotten Lord; but Kings and beggers can in no  
wise triumph in a simpaty.

Paurinio.

Base girle, why stande I thus to rule the stane with Si-  
sphus, or to fill Cabellars fons with teares : when Kings  
commande is a lawe of constraint: and where words will  
not serue, sworde may enforce: therfore speake plaine, simply  
either yeld or dye.

Lusina.

Fayre Prince, before your selfe make meare, my heart  
had-givens firs consent: But considering my basse estate, and  
your dignety: I thought not to be found too poynt, least ey-  
ther I shold be condemned light or inconstant.

Paurinio.

Better late then never, but Lusina, in token I leane the,  
thou shalt be Queene of Bohemia, did all the world gainsay.  
And thus gracing thee with a louing kisse, I will leane  
the till some other time, and when due time doth serue, we  
wil write in dede, that which we haue performed in wordes.  
So these two Louers embracing each other with a kindly  
kisse, walked homewards, he to his fathers court in walled  
Phrage, and she to her fathers house in a Countrey village  
two miles distant: so leauing these two louers, let vs return  
to Egistus, who lay all this time in a golden Chamber. But





## The Amorous passions

When Egistus was exiles from Sleep, Phoebus glittering  
descended into the Vale, so that in hast he startes from his  
bed, (and his bessell thoughts loose) say Paurinio of Iugis  
where beinge carefull, and shewing him at home, he know  
well povertie, passing the time with bounde fighes, wch  
Paurinio returned home; But Paurinio had no power in his  
phoenice, but he positively perceiued that Paurinio was per-  
plexed with louers passions, and that warlike Mars has  
gieded himselfe to wanton Venus, so that Egistus presently  
broke forth into these speches.

My woman boy, whose hath their hewe ranging : it  
seemes by thy changed hewe, that Venus hath made Amato-  
rie of thy carkeasse, and caused thy valiant hart to belie to  
youching pernicio. Then tell me Paurinio, what Courtesan  
hath caught thee in her lappes, or what beauty hath caused  
the eyes to bee blinde? Sprake man, vilyng not, He pro-  
vocat me if I can.

Paurinio.

My Father, the pearle of earthly content, a sayre of all  
sayres, farre surpassing Venus amities, no not all the am-  
ities won by Caesars swoyle, doth moore content my minde,  
than that sweete nymph, I terme her all too bale, that Owe-  
desse of partie.

Egistus.

Ab fond and foolish Paurinio, art thou no sonner hatched  
with the Lapwing, but thou must runne with the Shell on  
thy head? I tell thee Paurinio, when Nilus ouerfloweth be-  
fore his time, Egist is plagued with a dearth: untemelis  
fruities haue never god fortune: and young men that loues  
too soone, will repent when it is too late: And fond Paurinio  
what dost thou sa that thy hart must needs loue? knowing  
that of all creatures in the world, a woman is the contrari-  
et: and he that marrieth to a faire face, tyeth himselfe to a  
foule bargaine: Crefida was Troylus decay: Helen was beau-

## of Paurinio.

beautifull, but falle herte : glistering glasse poures not  
perfite gaine : the frayest flower hath not the sweetest smell :  
and then bearing young in yeres, thinkeþ there is no flowre,  
because it is conected with a cleane, not no filie, because it is  
taken up in flamber, nor no falle herte, because it is his wifes  
deceitfull beautis : may say that amaines herte Dame Biblio,  
whols teares were turned to a fountain : yet wot this  
woman inconstant. Diana was sayre, yet false to Hercules :  
may bee there never so many Troyanushes, a Weman will be  
contrarie.

At which words, Paurinio stoope as one halfe amoyed, not  
knowing what to say, in respect of his Fathers rash replie :  
Yet at the last began in this manner. Father (quoth he) de-  
ceitfull becomes not my state : least I in the flower of my  
youth be condemned with Ixion, least to despise beautie, least  
I shoulde be ouer-reached with beauty : & so with Narcissus  
yeare pellionate, & yet impatiente : for oft haue I heard, and  
oft haue I seene, high disdaine rewarded with hate distresse:  
Whiche woman can be beautiful and cruel & gracie with hea-  
venly blisses and inconstant, glazed with the gifts of na-  
ture and wilfull : Decked with such crimson vies and distres-  
all : So Father (quoth Paurinio,) as you condemne them  
the contrarie, so I account them the constantest, never  
turning into any forme of obiect but one.

which Chat Egistus in a furious rage made this replie :  
All fleshe and fowle Paurinio, thy tongue runnes before thy  
knitte : for women are equal with the Camelion, whiche  
changeth himselfe into every obiect save white, and in  
such a woman turns her selfe into all colours save honesties  
whiche nature hath made, Arte can neare : thy contumy  
if this bee sayre, shew is coltish, fawfily, wanton, and wilful :  
Therefore I will referre her to bee equall with the Cro-  
cadile, a Serpent bised in Egypt, who, when shew smyleth,  
pongleneth : and when shew smyght, devoureth ; resembling  
the

## The Amorous passions

when Egistus was spied from sleepe, Phoebes glittering  
beadles were in the place, so that in hast he startes from his  
sheepe, (and his bellall tolles him) the Paurinio of Iugis  
was verie carefull, and not thowing him at home, he was  
verie sollicit, passing the time with somme flettes, till  
Paurinio returned home; But Paurinio had no former in his  
presence, but he presently perceiued that Paurinio was per-  
plexed with louers passions, and that warlike Mars had  
yieldeid himselfe to wanton Venus, so that Egistus presently  
broke forth into these speches.

My louauen boy, whiche hast thine hewe ranging : it  
seemes by thy changed hewe, that Venus hath made Amatu-  
rie of thy carcase, and causeth thy valiant hart to bothe to  
wincching peynante. Then tell me Paurinio, what Cartapan  
hath caught theen her lappes, or what beaute hath caused  
thy eyes to bee blinde? Sprake now, viderig not, Ile pro-  
mett it if I can.

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My Father, the pearle of earthly content, a sayre of all  
sayred, farrre surpassing Venus amayles, no not all the am-  
ayques won by Cæsars swoone, doth more content my minde,  
than that sweete nymph, I terme her all too base, that Cow  
delle of purifie.

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Ah fond and foolish Paurinio, art thou no sonner hatchet  
with the Lapwing, but thou must runne with the shell on  
thy head? I tell thee Paurinio, when Nilus overfleweth be-  
fore his time, Egypt is plagued with a dearth: battailleis  
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what doest thou see that thy hart must needs loue? knowing  
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est: and her that marrieth to a faire face, tyeth himselfe to a  
foulke bargaine: Crefida was Troylus decay: Helen was  
beau-

## of Paurinio.

beautifull, but false hartes : glistering glasse yowres not  
perfor gaue : the saygell sheweth bath not the sweetest face :  
and then bearing young for yeares, thinkes there is no frowne,  
because it is conuersed with a clothe, nor no fire, because it is  
taken up in gaudens, nor no false hart, because it is his wifes  
deceitfull beautie : may say she amazess with Lascivie Bobrie,  
wher teares were turned to a fountaine : yet still the  
ywome incoustant. Diana was sayre, yet false to Hercules :  
may bee therer never so many Troyalulles, a Womman will be  
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At which wordes, Paurinio stode as one halfe amoyed, not  
knowing what to say, in respect of his fathers rathy replie :  
Yet at the last began in this manner. Father (quoth he) de-  
daine becomes not my state : least I be the brother of my  
youth be condemned with Ixion, ney to despise beautie, least  
I shoud be over-reached with beauty : & so with Narcissus  
yeare passionate, & yet impetuous : for all have I heart, and  
all have I leete, high distaine rewarded with hote distresse :  
what womman can be beautifull and cruel : graced with bea-  
utiful blisshes and incoustant, gleded with the gifts of na-  
ture and barking : decked with such crimson dies and diabol-  
all : the Father (quoth Paurinio,) as you condemne them  
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which Chat Egistus in a furious rage made this replie :  
All fowme and fashid Paurinio, thy tongue runnes before thy  
writte : the fowmen are equal with the Camelion, who  
changest hymself into every obiect save white, and in  
such a wosome turns her selfe into all colours save honesties  
what nature hath made, Arte can marrre : thy comunity  
if this bee sayre, this is soltily, fadilly, wanton, and wilde :  
Therefore I will referre her to bee equall with the Cro-  
cadile, a Serpent bred in Egypce, who, when shee smyleth,  
yowmeth ; and when shee bewept, devoureth : resembling  
the





## The Amorous passions

argument, who with the sinewes of his breath charmed  
my selfe-Conceit, alreadynge wonder within his compasse,  
as hee intereth to comune; and pray by their carrefulnes:  
me thinkes the women are grime, and the  
stones pebble: as the beautefull Apples of Thessalus, like  
no manes Couched, but turne to apples: so I knowe no  
womane so frondey, her mores pleasant, but her intent  
dangerous. Lyons lakes are not the swappes of his mon-  
ning: the Egger is cruel, though her bides his clauer,  
and women are inconstant, though pleasant in outward  
shewes. (For Paurinio) commonly fromen can resemble  
anywhere to be had: that is, a lyre of simplicite, but  
rude condition: a founte in Chay, but a Cygry in heart: a  
Coytante in thy looking, but a Lyon in thy keeping: unto  
her selfe honest, but infallible a harbourer of cruelty: pro-  
fessing a friend, but preying a chefe: beautefull, but before  
start not unlike the scullionفات in Shepheare; but founke in fawle  
spreading glasse with bosome: curteane, and yet coy: ar-  
mable, and yet wikkid: full of fonsour, and yet false herte: resembying the Serpent Regne, who bath fraude as glorie  
as th' Sunne, but a breath hauntings, as the Accou-  
tance is deadey: But let me byther a little; leach I chance  
so fawfer in shewing this what a hate picture I sawe at my  
last being in Venice; myngh both curiositie and rulynge and  
withall so glorioius, as would daile the psondeye to looke  
against: this pictur (Paurinio) was the portrature of loue-  
ly Venus, all masken in such goddesse attye; and glapped  
with both glarowing payntings, as would cause theresse  
starte of night in the world to yede with Pigmallion, to fall  
in loue with a picture: fall by her side another pictur, fit-  
ting to be of some silly Shepheare coulredly brought forth  
common robes, having a little table in his hand, whereon  
was written these verres following.

You gallants all that view this shape  
of Verue beauty bright

Much

## of Paurinio.

Must never lose the fairest show,  
which gloriouſe is in sight.  
For why this gorgious picture hereſ  
all furnished with gold,  
Is but a ſhow in fading beautie ſhape,  
for Lovers to behold.  
Her face is deckt with outward ſhowerſ,  
her hart doth ſecret lie,  
Her haire is layd in ſilvered caulerſ,  
her mind is hard to ſprie.  
Her pleafant lookeſ proue bitter hate,  
her garments lookeſ for gaine,  
Her ſpeech is faire, yet falſe it prooues,  
her ioyeſ are bitter paine.  
Then gallants all when you doe loue,  
come ſee this pleafant ſhow,  
Which outwardly delights your mind,  
though proouing, pained woe.

Thus Paurinio (quoth Egistus) halſ thou hearſ the mani-  
fols vanities that fading beautie doth affreſ, warning theſe  
to reſtraine ſuch illuring looks, as are outwardly pleafant,  
but inwardly deceiving: and not to cleve after beautie, leaſt  
thou be plagued with uiferis: be not raſh with Icarus, but  
cry out with old Dedalus, In medium tenere tuſſimum: for  
Ixion climbing after beautie, caught a ſuddenall fall: for he  
thinking to embracie Juno, caught a vaniſhyng cloude: then  
be ware Paurinio, leaſt thou plighe troth of fading beautie,  
for he that gathereth a Rose, is prickled with a thoyne, and  
he that plucks at a flower, may catch a nettle: the world is  
gloriouſ, yet loathſome, the Snake is beautifull, but vena-  
tious, and a woman is faire, but yet falſe harted: nay to be  
byſteſe, were ſhe ſuch a one as doth not deſerue the Coblers  
check, yet ſhouldſt thou finde iuſſicient vanities to counter-  
uaile her vertues: for, as ſhe is faire, ſo is ſhe fading: and  
as ſhe is gloriouſ with beautie, ſo is ſhe decked with deceit,

C.

and

## The Amorous passions

Amorous passion is a glorie to the world : he that will  
not have her, may like those Lampes brighte make up  
the light, that makes him to have glories : can you not  
make her to make up the world ? I would entreat the  
Queene of loue to grace thee with a smile, or else that I  
Praynes image, to court thee with a kiss : or had I in posse-  
sion that golden ball, now Pallas for her that in martial deas,  
now Pallas for her eloquence, now Venus for her beauty shold  
enjoy the same : but this sayre of all faires, shoulde haue it  
from them all. Then sayre yet to fauour, and let me faint no  
more.

Lafina.

Flattered boord Princes, honourers are not to gare so high,  
that they catch a Country halfe, and Country maidens must  
couer their selues to match with Country Swaines, and  
not with countly Loxes : therefore parson my Lord, I can  
not answer.

Paurinio.

Why coust thou to court our country dernes, and spris  
thy rime hem with a country dronge : A Country dronge :  
why shold I call her so, when her beauty well deserves a  
princely Creame : Nay I will honour her and loue her, if  
all my friendes against mee stroake, Faire prospect of my  
young hart, yield fauour to thine affored friend, who lyues,  
though lyng hise face by beautie hid, on earth.

Lufina.

Faire Prince, were your loue so faithfull as your hysden  
loue faire, I woulde not bee so foolish to grant you any fa-  
uour. Daunces shold affect to loue, and nocht lust ; and as  
for my Virginitie, it is the flower of my youth : then not to  
be defaced with a faithlesse louer.

Paurinio

## Paurinio. 41 T

Faile beauty blazerd on so base a portraiture, accresced. Ver  
sue amaztes that thus augments my griefe: what denc  
then deince me inconstant, which am so louing as to lay my  
affections on so base a portraiture: Lulina, if thou will  
make mee the sole commaundour of thy beauty, thou shalt  
 finde me constant, louing, loyall, & true harted, and to gaine  
all my friends hate to obtaine the loue.

Lulina.

Thou haue georne Lord; but Kings and beggars can in no  
wise triumph in a flumpthy.

Paurinio.

Base girle, why stande I thus to rede the stome with Si-  
phus, or to stiue Cabellus founts with teares: when Kings  
commmande is a lawe of constraint: and where lawes will  
not serve, swerd may enforce: therfore speake goodly  
either yeld or dye.

Lulina.

Este Prince, before your selfe make me joy, my heart  
haue giuen free consent: But considering my base estate, and  
your dignety: I thought not to be founde to pnyant, least e-  
ther I shold be condemned light or inconstant.

Paurinio.

Better late then never, but Lulina, in token I leane this,  
then shall be Duene of Bohemia, bid all the world gainfay.  
And thus gracing this with a louing kisse, I will leane  
the till some other time, and when due time doth serue, we  
wil binde in dede, that which we haue performed in wordes,  
so these two Lovers embaycing each other with a kindly  
kisse, walked homewards, he to his fathers court in halid  
Phrage, and she to her fathers house in a Countrey village  
two miles distant: so leaving those two lovers, let vs return  
to Egistus, who lay all this time in a golden chamber. But





## The Amorous passions

as she is courteous, so is shee coy; and though she makes  
an outward shew of constancy, yet can shee with a small  
blast turne to the contrary: and to be hytote. Vixum viportis  
si corrigi non possit ferendum esse. Then consider Paurnio,  
the fayre grath birth without dread, so long as her wings bee  
mett: and young men lone without care, so long as they are  
under their fathers lappes. Thus, because I will not spend  
too much time, I will end with the proverbe, Say euer, and  
yet never enough of a womans inconstancie, insyng these  
once a day to reade over these linea graces with such golden  
letters vpon this sparke stone.

Tout ce qui luit n'est pas dr.

He that on beautie stayes his trust,  
Shall find and proue these sayings iust.  
That fading flowers will decay,  
And beautey prones no-sured stay.  
Of all the Maydes thy hart can loue,  
The fairest features faithlesse proue:  
For beauty harboreth foule disdaine,  
And woomens vvilnes proues bitter paine:  
For were shee clad in Daphnes hue,  
Whose beauty causd Apollo rue,  
Or had shee Iunos glancing eye,  
Whose beautey caud proued Ixion die;  
I would not ground my louing hart,  
Sith beauty caufeth paine and smart.  
Or had shee Helens smiling face,  
Whom Priamus with loue did grace,  
I would remember wofull Troy,  
Which Helens beauty bereft of ioy.  
Or had shee Simons flattering hart,  
Whose fained words prou'd bitter smart,  
I would not lay my loue so light,  
Sith beauty fades in open sight.

B14

## of Paurinio.

You art like to eat but three meales in quietnes . Thus  
(quoth he) my soune, trifling thus to leane are not to leue  
gold for the glorie, nor a shrowd for riches, I eat, giving the  
first times to peruse thy my ffeare, and to auctor.

Chien eschande crant l'ame froide.

My soune (quoth he) beware of wealth,  
Least gayning it thou looſe thy health :  
For looke how Midas once deceived was,  
So woe with wealth will come to pafle.  
Then wil thou grieue with great debate,  
And ſore repente, but then too late.

This being ended, Paurinio paſſing on the former topic,  
at length burke forth into these ſpitches.

Father (quoth he) ſting Cupids arroves are plumed with  
the feathers of morty, and his arrows where they pearce,  
enfume troughe that morty : He quicke delle ſuch falleſes, rade  
Venus with a strokone, and court Pallas with disgrace . His  
blunt Cupids arroves with diſgrace, ſo that at þ moft they  
ſhall but touch my garments : this valiant hart shall never  
yield honour to pinching penury , nay to the flattering sy-  
rens which ſweetly ſing the daylers wack, or the Fowlers  
pipe, which pleauishly playeth the birds death . For no me  
experience platiuely ſhones, the bell wine maketh the ſhar-  
peſt vinegar, and folly it were to gather honey amoung  
hornets, or Eagles amoungt Adders.

Thus reſting my ſelfe to live in deſtiance of their amorous  
glances, that kill with bitter laſhes of hate, I will ſay with  
Diogenes, For young men it is too ſoone, for old men it is too  
late.

Pet not reſting content, beeing ſtreken with a contrary  
adlect, once againe troubled his father a little further.

## The Amorous paſſions

asſe as ſhe is courteous, ſo is the coyn: and though ſhe makes  
an outward ſhew of conſtanſy, yet can ſhe with a ſmall  
blift turne to the contrary: and to be breife, Vixum viportis  
ſi corrigi non polſis ferendum eſſe. Then conſider Paurinio,  
the ſtingrath birth without dread, ſo long as her iſings bee  
hot: and young men lone without care, ſo long as they are  
under their fathers lappes. Thus, because I will not ſpend  
too much time, I will end with the proverbe, Say euer, and  
yet neuer enough of a womans inconfianſie, inuifing theeſe  
once a day to reade over theſe linea graced with lucid golden  
letters upon this Marble ſtone.

Tout ce qui huit n'eft pas dr.

He that on beautie stayes his truſt,  
Shall find and proue theſe ſayings iuft.  
That fading flowers will decay,  
And beautey proues no fured stay.  
Of all the Maydes thy hart can loue,  
The faireſt features faithleſſe proue:  
For beauty harboreth foule diſdaine,  
And womeſſes vvels proues bitter paine:  
For were theſee clad in Daphnes hue,  
Whose beauty cauſd Apollo rue,  
Or had theſee Junos glancing eye,  
Whose beautie cauſd proud Ixion die:  
I would not ground my louing hart,  
Sith beauty cauſeth paine and ſmart.  
Or had theſee Helens ſmiling face,  
Whom Priamus with loue did grace,  
I would remember wofull Troy,  
Which Helens beauty bereft of ioy.  
Or had theſee Sinons flattering hart,  
Whose fained words prou'd bitter ſmart,  
I would not lay my loue ſo light,  
Sith beauty fades in open ſight.

B14

## of Paurinio.

You art like to usse but three meales in quietnes . Thus  
(quoth he) my soule, trifling this to leue and not to leue  
goes for the glorie, nee a shew to riches, I eue, giving the  
fir'st times to penitise for my sake, and to aucthe.

Chien eschande crant Jane freide.

My soone (quoth he) beware of wealth,  
Least gayning it thou looſe thy health :  
For looke how Midas once deceiv'd was,  
So woe with wealth will come to pafle.  
Then wil thou grieue with great debate,  
And ſore repente, but then too late.

This being ended, Paurinio paſting on the flower ſeptig,  
at length burst forth into these ſpitches.

Father (quoth he) ſeing Cupids longings are plunred with  
the feathers of morty, and his arrows where they pierce,  
ſinkes through bat midy : He quicke delle each fiddler, rafe  
Venus with a ſrotone, and court Pallas with disgrace . He  
blunt Cupids arrowes with diſaine, ſo that at þ moft they  
ſhall but touch my garments : this valiant hart shall never  
yield honour to pinching penury , ney to the flattering fly,  
rems which ſweetly ſing the faylers wiack, or the fowler  
pipe, which pleadantly playeth the birds death . For no me  
experience platiuely ſhoynes, the bell wine maketh the Shar  
peſt vinegar, and ſolly it were to gather honey among  
hornets, or Eagles amonſt Adders.

Thus reſting my ſelfe to live in deſtance of thofe amorous  
glances, that kill with bitter laches of hate, I will ſay with  
Diogenes, For young men it is too ſoone, for old men it is too  
late.

Pet not reſting content, beeing ſtraken with a contrary  
affect, once againe troubled his father a little further.



Ó





## of Paurinio.

Paurinio having given these lines, signes poefemly Carter  
by as in a loathsome Disease, making this reply.

Wise boy (quoth he) then remoue me, in thine thy artis-  
ans : what Kings, and Knapes so leas as beggers & from boy,  
I lament the sollicnes of thy youth : what, is there never a  
Lady in my Court can suffice thy amorous minde, but a  
Country Curtizan : knowing that if shre be pale, shre is  
yond, peccant, stoward, and still gaping after promotion: she  
is, assure thy, as coy to be catched as can be, and wherefore  
was shre married (with this say) but to be maintayned : her  
earns are addidnes more to a pound of gaine are, than an ounce  
of take me : shre will looke to be maintained bcause, though  
she be a begger : shre cannot be woned with wayes but with  
wealth, shre gapes more for gaine than for god will, her af-  
fections are like the deince of a Chrystall, which no sunne  
lighteth down, but leapeth off: it entred at a moment, and lea-  
peth out at a minute : her looks can command a thousand  
sighs, and her hart is of salt-pister, making a shew of loue,  
and prancing but a flasch: then consider sond Day, that lone  
Without wealth, is like a Cedarrick without fruites : a faire  
Rimer without lypes, faire Apples but festeres : then knowes  
base Boy, that want prasures war, neche, nakednes, and  
misery pretends enuy: so he will woe thy with vertues,  
and wed thy with wealth: so that officer in the rude thou  
must be exalted from a courtly King, to a Country drudge:  
yea, and perhaps cauled to take the ayse of a prison, as other  
for recreation: so that thy chiefe gaine will ymbrace misery,  
and thy pleasures perhaps turne thee to a bolefull Tragedy.  
Then the baltant nature of a King will turne to a Carter:  
and she be accounted for a Curtizan. Thus sond Paurinio,  
paule thy pretended misery, and change thy afflictions from  
a Country drudge, to a courtly Dame, and so will I not on-  
ly be thy Father, but also thy friend: so desiring that to per-  
use these lines, I end.

Yea:

CA

## The Amorous paſſions

You gallants all that ſeekes to loue,  
And wed viuware before yee prooue,  
Come reade this ſame and view it right,  
A patterne pleafant to your fight,  
A young man once did wed a mayde,  
And poore ſhe was the ſtory layd :  
The mayd no ſooner married was,  
But marke what after came to paſſe.

The young man was a weakey Farmers ſonſe,  
But the conſir'd his goods before a month was done.  
Then did ſhe take him in her ſtately talkie,  
And bad him if his goods were gone, away from her to walk,  
Which he no ſooner heard, but flowing teares were rife,  
He did lament his follies great, to wed with ſuch a wife,  
So now my ſonſe be warne by this maydens hate,  
Leaſt thou repeat when time is all too late.

This beſting eare, Paurinio bitterly grovelled in ſpite of  
beauty and Venus wanton willes, to live in diuidē content,  
and bitter deſtitute of loue; and ſo to escape the manifold ha-  
nities and uileties that mariage ſtil affords: reſting him-  
ſelfe with his fathers former phraſe: that women are the  
contrariell creatures on the earth.

Leaſting Paurinio ſerfeting to loue through his fathers  
former counſell, let us returne to that conſtant Loner Lu-  
ſina, who accounted the day diſmall, and the night full of trou-  
bles, still paſſing on Paurinios ſweete ſmiles, and think-  
ing alwayes of that late united Sympathy, till at laſt Sy-  
pone began to frettione: ſhee had intelligence that Paurinios  
loue was turned to bitter hate, and his ſayze promiſes to  
troule diſdaine, and none to be cauler of the ſame, but his fa-  
thers former counſell: ſo that Lusina thought (if it might  
be) to requite his loue with ſuch a coiling carde, as might  
cauſe the youth not onely peniſue, but perhaps paſſionate,  
and

## of Paurinio.

and so forth, by starting to her startis, inscribeth these lines  
to Paurinio.

### Lusines Letter to Paurinio.

A lthough Paurinio that fathers counsell is not to bee  
contrarie, and his commandement is a lawe of constraint :  
yet shoulde not to small a blist, blently louers affections.  
But note I rightly perceiue y mous affections are like the  
beis on a Christall, which no stoner lighteth on, but leapteth  
off : and louers cannot be sure that furst, but if louers were  
so contrary as your father setteth doome in his censur, I  
maruarie the Goddess had not as well made fidelite a man, as  
a woman : but truly, I see my louing follies are rewarded  
with disdainfull looks, yet Paurinio, as heare, incoustant,  
and deceitfull as we are, you still porfine us : for admitt wee  
hide our brests, it must be with leather, for no cloth can keepe  
your long nayles out of our bosome. Your Father setteth  
doome that we haue roling eyes. I aunswere he hath a ra-  
gning tongue : but if men could as well embracie counsell as  
they can gise it, Socrates rule woulde bee better folldred :  
but vaine it were to make any long discourse, for I haue  
reason to deeme of snoiwe by the whitenes, and treas by the  
blodounes : and though I be not pore, yet I will not be found  
unfaithfull : though I am a Country drudge, I will bee as  
constant as a courtly Dame : but truly Paurinio, if thy loue  
had prouen so light as it apperes by thy dealings, then  
wrightest haue kept thy sword in thy sheath, and thy winde  
to coole thy pottage : for Paurinio, had Carthage beeene be-  
rest of so famous a Virago, if the beauteous Troyan had  
beeene as constant as he was comely : or had the Queene of  
Poetrie been pinched with so many passions : if the wanton  
Ferriman had beeene as faithfull as he was sayre : No, no,  
Paurinio I am forced to speake, and say : that if we women  
were as dissembling as ye men are, woe woulde not yee finde

D.

with

## The Amorous passions

You gallants all that seekes to loue,  
And wed viuwares before yee process,  
Come reade this Game and view it right,  
A patterne pleasant to your sight.  
A young man once did wed a mayde,  
And poore she was the story sayd:  
The mayd no sooner married was,  
But marke what after came to passe.

The young man was a wealty Farmer sonne,  
But the confiur'd his goods before a month was done.  
Then did she take him in her shadie talkie,  
And bid him if his goods were gone, away from her to walk,  
Whiche he no sooner heard, but flowing teares were rife,  
He did lament his follies great, to wed with such a wife,  
So now my sonne be warned by this maydens hate,  
Least thou repeat when time is all too late.

This vexing error, Paurinio bitterly protestted in spite of  
beauty and Venus wanton wiles, to loue in sweete content,  
and bitter delesse of loue, and so to escape the manifold ba-  
ilities and miseries that mariage still affords: resting him-  
selfe with his fathers former phrase: that women are the  
contrarie creatures on the earth.

Leaving Paurinio forfeiting to loue through his fathers  
former counsell, let us returne to that constant Lover Lu-  
sina, who accounted the day dimall, and the night full of su-  
rrores, still passing on Paurinios sweete smiles, and think-  
ing alwayes of that late unites sympathy, till at last her-  
tane began to fridone: Shee had intelligence that Paurinios  
loue was turned to bitter hate, and his large promises to  
foul disstaine, and none to be cauler of the same, but his fa-  
thers former counsell: so that Lusina thought (if it might  
be) to requite his loue with such a cooling curse, as might  
cause the youth not onely penitue, but perhaps passionate,  
and







## The Amorous passions

Now the sports in Calabria, that hunting dethornes pegues,  
will haue it with graine mede, noo so plaine to shew by the  
Sile Maugre at the bars backs : but Iby Shoules I wote so  
plainly to play with the Bowse, when the Cat fletch by : as  
fill my letters with frivoles examples, when his father  
settesth downe a thousand Ambages to the contrarie, & shew-  
meth with a thousand Argos eyes to encorpse his actions :  
therefore Paurinio, as thou art a yonge pitifullie, and a fea-  
ture stridellie, so will I leame thee : and if this my Letter  
shewe affaynes thee, then doo to thyfaynes once againe, and as  
thee wist entice me to lene, for with the same shayde sou my  
widel life : for I account an honestable death, before a mis-  
erie and shamefull life : and as before I leame thee so nowe  
will I leathe thee, fast thine, but per stome. Lufina.

Car il fait bon avoir deux cordes en son arc.

False-harted wretch receiue this fame,  
Tho watry teares the lines did frame.

Lufina having ended her letter, caused it posturallie in her  
foot packing to Paurinio, and in the meane time, she would  
gaste her paine with pleasing songs.

Lufina her song.

Hard hap had I to view,  
oh my poore hart :  
Paurinio prooues vntrue,  
that is my smart.  
Lone bush caused me to cry,  
Accursed was mine eye,  
For to gaze vp so hie,  
On him who doth denie  
my loue alas,

Where.

## of Paulino.

Paulino to the Health of Lusina.

Alas Lusina, truly gretly I am forced to gyue thee knoste  
lege that I have receaved thy letter, the whiche makes  
me not onely penitent but passionate, the whiche when I haue  
viewed, it presently caused my cheales to be watered with  
many teares, and sau sorrowe to be staled in my face to paine  
my bitter passions; my fathers counsell was quite forgot,  
and I ready to ramme beside my wifes, to know what may I  
might obtaine that by fauour, which before I had by folly  
lost: protestynge with a fultunes wiffe, that the Curtes with al  
her iachementes, no Calipso with all her diuersites, no Sy-  
ren with all her meidowes, shoulde perniet to change my hart  
from Lusina. Then pardon sweete prospect of my health,  
though I haue rashly stumbled at a straine, and railled against  
reason, I confess I haue strimed against the stremme, till I  
am overwhelmed with the waves, I haue strok against the  
glimmering starres, with the procupps, till I am catchen  
to a pray, I haue gazed against the bole, till I am stricken  
with the boult, I haue rate with the Diere agaynst the  
winde: and I haue followed my fathers counsell, till I am  
quite forsaken, for which I am here constrained to pleade  
for that which unfortunatly I lost, cravynge fauour whereso-  
before I disdained: but blash not at my follies, nor maruell  
not at my letter, nay deeme it a shew of faigne leze, for let  
Father say what he will, I protest to remayne thy loyall  
patient, desiring your soueraigne salve to healys my disquie-  
fed body. Thus sweete Lusina, watering my cheales with  
teares, lamenting and bewayling that want whiche my lo-  
ving hart desires, the whiche through my fathers counsell,  
and my owne follies is vitterly lost for ever, vntille you re-  
maine pitifull.

Thus desiring your presence with as great a desire as  
Penelope did to see her beloued Ulysses Iende with teares,





## The Amorous passions

protesting at the upsetting hereof, to make a flow of teares  
to conny the letter to this by water, before heauens no  
longer to favour my desire, then to remayne leuing to Lu-  
fina.

Not his owne but thys,

Lufina.

By hym that luyes in herte your oyne,  
as long as life doth last,  
And if that loue be after life,  
your oyne shalbe for evert.

Paurinio, having no foyng entered his Letter, but presently caused it to be quaynt to Lufina, and so taking his Lute in hand, beganne an soliloquie, with a medall song in Dialogue.

Cease wofull teares, and watry cheeke be dry,  
Cease off to moane, sith loue doth cause thee die:  
Hard was thy hap, to harbour high disdaine,  
Against thy deere, and causer of thy paine.

My bleeding teares shall echo forth my woe,  
My watry cheeke, my pained griefe shall shooe.  
Be spred yee teares within my wofull cies,  
Pour forth my plaints vp to the glorious skies.

Cease off to weepe, and live in pleasant ioy,  
Cease off to grieue, sith Fortune wrought annoy:  
Pittie will pearce within her louing hart,  
And send a salve to ease my pained smart.

How should I cease to waile my pained griefe?  
How can I ioy, and voyde of sweete relieve?  
Curst was my hart, to harbour such disdaine,  
Curst was my tongue, to breed my bitter paine.

Lame

## SONGS OF PAULINE, &c. T

Leave off to wail, leave off to grieve,  
Leave off to sorrow, sin that must not alone,  
Shed not thy tears, sin think it is to cry,  
Thy former follies hath wrought thy misery.

Loue bids the grieve vnto my wofull end,  
Loue bids me waile, sith I haue lost a friend:  
In paine to haue my woe and wofull thrall,  
Sith counsell haue caud my woe and bitter fall.

Come wofull Iye and stand vnto my death,  
Come Muses sing, whilst I haue vital breath:  
And then adieu, vnto that louing wight,  
To whom my hand I faithfully did plight.

Fmme.

### A Mother Song.

How shoulde I framme in wofull wise,  
for to lament my deeds:  
Sweet Neptune lend thy helping hand  
to frame my mournfull weeds.

I did offend my wished ioy,  
and set her lowe so hight,  
Till blinde oblivion wrought my noy,  
and waide each cause with right.

That now I dare not once presume,  
my fixed loue to shew,  
Because with follies of my hart,  
I caused her bitter woe.

Ye mighty Gods that rule the hart  
of every louing wight:  
Pour forth my plaints and pained griefe,  
with all your power and might.

And

## The Amorous passions

And print within Lucina's hart  
the substance of my loue,  
That she may know my constant hart,  
which never shall repoue.

Bartoores nor newes shall remoue,  
vntil Paurinio die,  
And then I must perforne deport,  
and let such fancies die.

Accus'd was my mind to thikke,  
and hart thangnes confesse,  
To force me reape vp such replies,  
the which I never expect.

Could I not way with certes,  
the substance of her loue,  
But quite condeame so rigourly,  
the things I cannot prove.

Ah cruell Tyger that I was,  
to worke her pined woe,  
And to a true and faithfull friend,  
to prooue a deadly foe.

How dare I then with scowling pen,  
shew forth my ernst good will,  
And having offered such great wrongs,  
her silly hart to kill.

No,no,Paurinio rest contente, I am no 1  
and live in endlesse paine,  
Sith thou hast sayd agayn their sex,  
She will not loue agayne.

Thus

## Act III. of Pauinio. sc. II

¶ Pauinio, lamenting his former follies, let  
the ruffian Lufina, who having received Pauinio's  
letter, and reading it over, began to rage in this manner.

My foolish and flattering Pauinio, dost thou thinke to  
fetch me off with Orpheus' melody, as canst make no lasting  
earns to the flattering fancies : no Pauinio, the bosome  
shuts forth the fire : and the bire that shapeth out, bid al-  
ter weare the fancies not : and spes that hath tafted pur-  
plefuer, will dolcet : hath a cooling cayt, to helmers of after  
misteries : when Pauinio, wist thou thought I had so fathly as  
to account both the Amalons, every fomphie a Hammetts  
day : no Pauinio, I have heare that she has never long  
myghter in Venus Court, that counts every little a favour :  
and every laughe to bee true love : no Pauinio, I may late-  
ly cry out with Dido, against Aeneas, as with Philia ag-  
ainst Demophon, like Arcadne against Theseus, and thou  
be remoued in the Chronicles for an incoustant Louer, no  
Pauinio, I rather think thou resemblest a Crocodile then  
a coniant louer : as the leaves of Lycavice, that when they  
are most full of dew without, are then most dry within : so  
then art full of wonder, but false harted : tush Pauinio, I  
measure thy passions with great milking, and account the  
lone like the Urban blossoms, that open with the dewe, and  
shut with the sunne : say Pauinio know to this, that the Tym-  
ber is knowne to bee cruel, though he bydes his claves :  
and innocent then with Iamus bee double faced , to present  
fryth and meane flattery, but quoth this, seeing thou prefer-  
rest me with a cup of wine in one hand, and a peynans in the  
other : I will make thee such a cutting answere, as shall  
cole thy gay conceit. So on the fowaine she returned him  
this answere.

Lufina to that fashleſſe Louer Pauinio.

Pauinio, having taken a view of thy letter, the which I  
perceues to be painted full of faire speech, thinking ther-  
C. by





## The Amorous Passions

By 3 shalbes hours pleases your colours positions, which are  
both the faires of the fles: innumerable: I thought reme-  
mber to comforte your beries, according to your deserts: &  
and as before I entreated you with a certeine bala venus:  
so now to shake you off with a deserte aduise, willing you not  
to joyce before I tellte you, or to runne headlong in loue,  
where you cannot be liked, nor to cast your anchor, wheres it  
shal take no hold: for faith with flattery, true loue with in-  
constancie, shall never triumph in a sympathie, then cease  
Paurinio, to trouble me any further, for I account of thy-  
loue, as of the twinges of Lepanthos, and of thy poxature,  
as of a distubing creature: and of thy weedes, as vanishe-  
ing cloudes: and of thy tongue, as a hand bell, raging ag-  
aint that thou canst not reach: & railing against that thou  
canst not gaine: but truly Paurinio, thy loue doth rightly  
prove these sayings true, that the most glazious apple, the  
soundest rotten: the sweetest nut, the soundest infected: and the  
youthfull wome, the filthiest dreggs: the fairest feature, the in-  
constancie creature. For Iuno was glazious, yet flattery  
to lonely Venus, and so art thou Paurinio to constant Lusina:  
outwardly flattering, but inwardly deceiving: the starrs  
Artophilix is highest, yet setteth soundest, Sapho was subtle  
to aulae, but slipperie to deceiue: Cressida was curteous:  
but incoustant: the Diamond is beautifull, yet deadly poi-  
son: and the Polyp is ever changeable, and fained loue is  
like a Cedar tree without fruite: nay Paurinio, if the maides  
of Sabino being stolne from their mothers armes, could pre-  
vent both fire and water, signifying therby ficeritis in hart,  
and losaltie in behauour, thinke then that the maides of Bo-  
hemia can sunflower their louers with Cara cecila, as well  
as they can say Cara cecila. Thus being very loath to spende  
too much paper, though I could invite innumerable lines of  
thy incoustant loue, yet will I leavethis: and as before thou  
hast despised loue, so nowe in thy extremitie, will I shake  
thee off to thine owne shadowe, leaving thee with Narcissus,  
I end. Not thine, but her name.

Luminā

## of Paurinio.

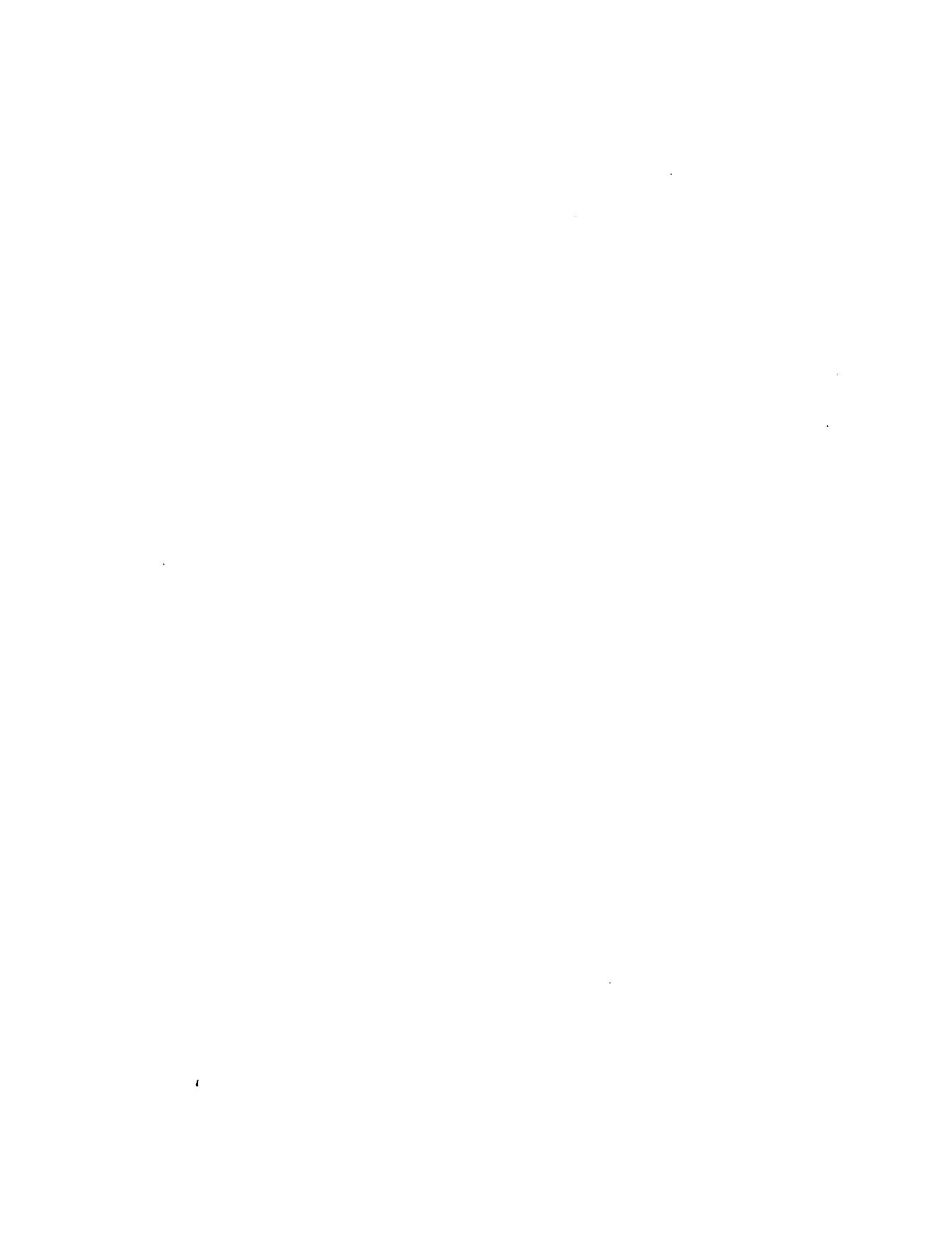
Lusina's censure.

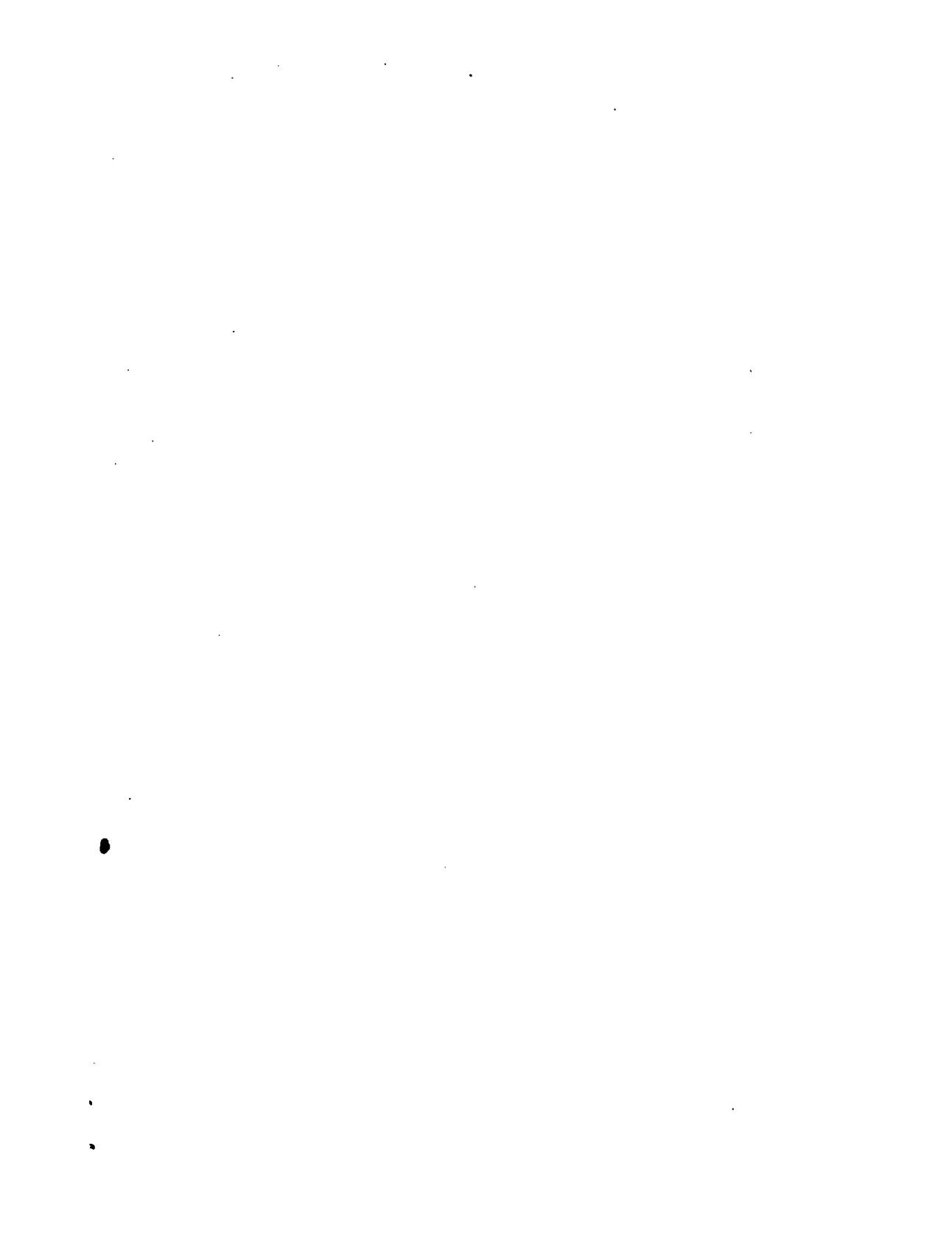
Adiew thou false Paurinio,  
I quite desie thy loue,  
Adiew, from thee for ever-more,  
my hart doth quite remoue.  
Thy fained faith too late I prou'd,  
thy ioyes are bitter paine,  
Thy letters I doe quite conuenie,  
and count thy loue but vaine.  
Thy pen doth run before thy hand,  
to yspite with false intent,  
Thy hand doth runne before thy wit,  
thy charmes I will preuent.  
Then spare thy pen I pray,  
And cease to write deceit,  
For sith I haue cleapt the hooke,  
I feare to tast the bayte.  
Then cease to write, & spare thy pen,  
sith labour is but vaine,  
Or else come home, and so receive  
thy traualle for thy paine.

FINIS. quoth Lusina.

S D writing this censure on the wrong side of the Letter,  
she presently folded it up, and safely delivred it to Paurinio, the which he no sooner received, but hee began as followeth.

Ah Paurinio, accursed is thy state, and thysse accursed, because thou louest. Ah proude and disdainfull nymph, whose Angelicall looks hath wrought my angry minde, base nymph, dost thou account my former follies more then my present miseries, not regarding my waterie teares, what sinnes





## The Amorous passions

Cabelas founts, no; measuring my many sighes, that trouble  
So my hart: but still standing on thy tearmes without triall,  
But out alas, why stande I pleading thus at beauties barre,  
Sith she is iudge without remisse, why seeke I thus with Si-  
siphus to roule a stone against the hill, mourning with Lady  
Bibilis, whose teares turned to a fontaine, but out alas, I  
accounted once dame Fortunes proffers baine, I sounde her  
a constant Silara, and proved my selfe a contrary Jason: but  
newe if I couldise gaine by fauour which I lost by folly, the  
running stremes of Xanthus should recolle if ever I forsake  
her loue, or falle off my faith, but tush I strive with Midas,  
and thrist with Tantalus, my paine excedes Ticius, and is  
greater then Sisiphus, tush why breath I thus in afflictions  
ayre, why line I thus stih Fortune is my foe, let mee goe  
waile my griefe and my great wrong: with Lute in hande  
relictus sum shall bee my carefull song, woe is me alas, it is  
but baine to line and die at every glance, sweete loue come  
guide my steps, tyde death or life I force not of a straw, Gle-  
pott me to Lusinas presence, if all the world gaine say.

Thus Paurinio passing the time with passions, and mea-  
suring Lusinas loue with a thousande mournefull teares,  
accounting the day dismal, and the night full of sorrowes,  
till he coulde finde opportunitie to passe safely to her pre-  
sence, so that in the ende, before Phoebus had tossed his  
beames in the skyes, Paurinio got vp ready, waiting at Lu-  
sinas chamber doore to gaine her a kindlie salute or friendlie  
gode morrowe, falling prostrate at her feete, craving pardon  
for his former follies, in this manner as followeth,

### Paurinio to Lusina.

Wheron sweete propper of my health, I humbly crave  
thy pardon for my former follies: protectinge with a solemn  
swere, that the world shall cease to haue elements, the skie  
starres,

## of Paurinio.

Starres, she trees fruite, the fields grasse, & al things reverte  
Shall fall to their former Chace, if ever I see like Lusina.

Lusina.

Pardon faire Prince, though to the contrary I solemnly  
I weare : that the Sonne shall cease to shine, the Starres to  
glister, and mighty Mountaines to remoue, if ever I enter-  
taine a surfeiting Louer.

Paurinio.

But yet sweet Goddess, entertaine a newe reformed Lo-  
uer : respect thy base estate, account my birth requires a bet-  
ter Paragon : but yet I finde not one so worthy for to equal  
my estate, as constant, loyall, and lonely Lusina.

Lusina.

Pardon faire Prince, for if I should be sole Princessesse of  
the world: I would not alter mine affectations.

Paurinio.

Proude Nymph, these taunting wordes will force my an-  
gry wchach : base Nymph, dignitie aduanceth thy posterity;  
and dost thou holde thy Loue at higher rate then Kings can  
comasse.

Lusina.

As so; my loue, I hold it at a higher rate than all the ri-  
ches in the world: and as so; my virginity, it is the flower  
of my youth: so that I prefer the state of a Countrey Judge  
before a Kings Concubine.

Paurinio.

Why stand I thus on termes, when Kings may straight-  
ly command: come sooth thou biforn blade, and bee the  
butcher of so base a girle: speake, wilt thou loue o; no,o; els  
then shal die, my hart hath sworne it so.

# The Amorous passions

Lusina.

Welcome thou fatal blade, whose each truely frieme,  
false herbes Prince come bee thy work, dispatch and make  
an end.

Paurinio.

What art thou willing thus to end thy life, speake, the  
blade shames to thy hand, either yield to loue, and le to live,  
or else to loue, and so die.

Lusina,

Oh bloody Butcher do thy worst, I willing am to die.

Paurinio.

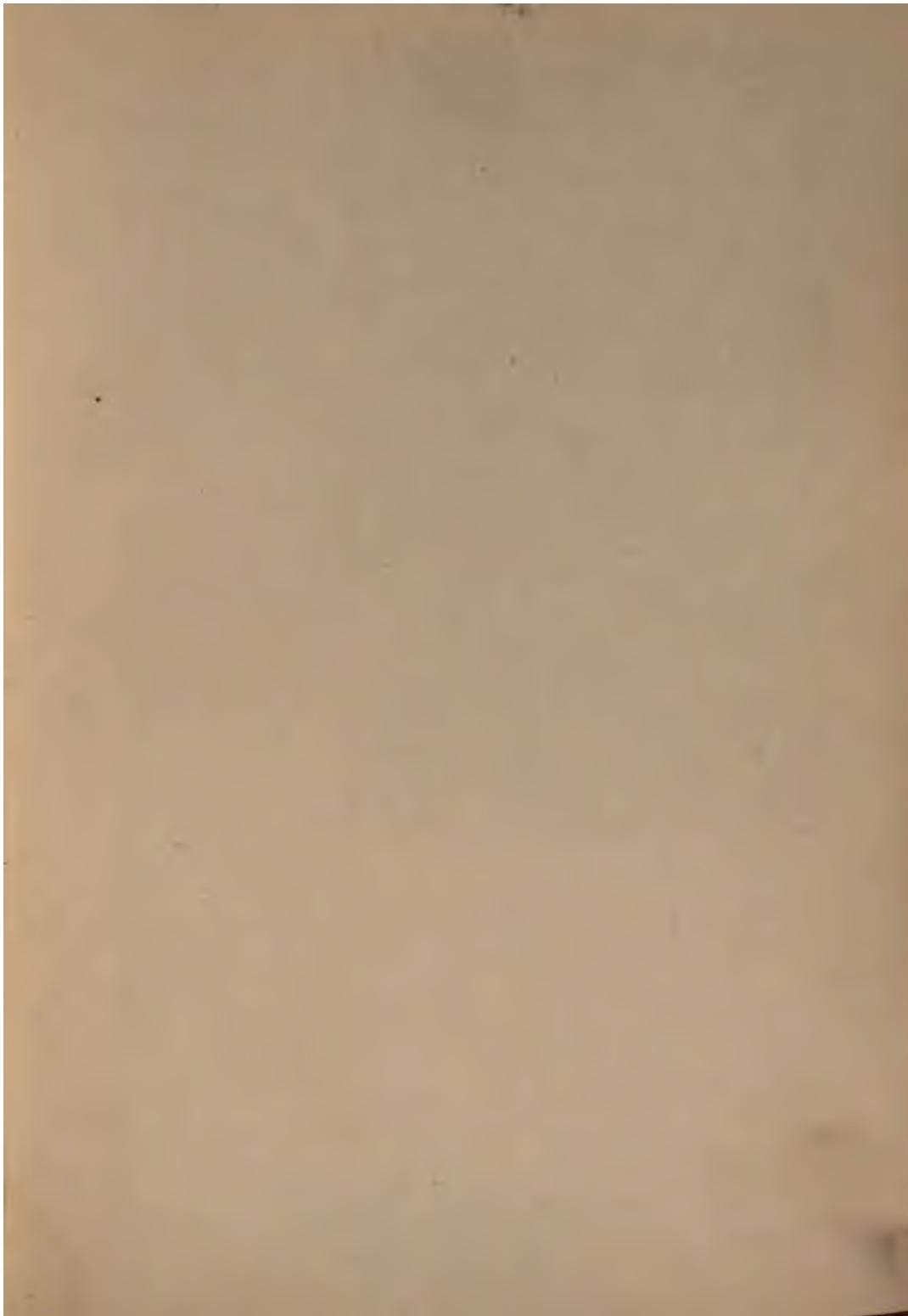
What heart so hard that would not bate, what stome so  
hard but raine will Pearce, what man so mad would cleve a  
mace, what wight that would not pity her estate, oh Lu-  
sina, constant Lusina, lins & breathe thy life : Paurinio giveth  
shee leave : adieu sweet Rumphy, the constant it mayde on  
earthy : my former follies wronged thy constant hearey : but  
for thy sake, and for the loue I bearre thee, not one wittynge  
the westerne world, shall ever lodge with me.

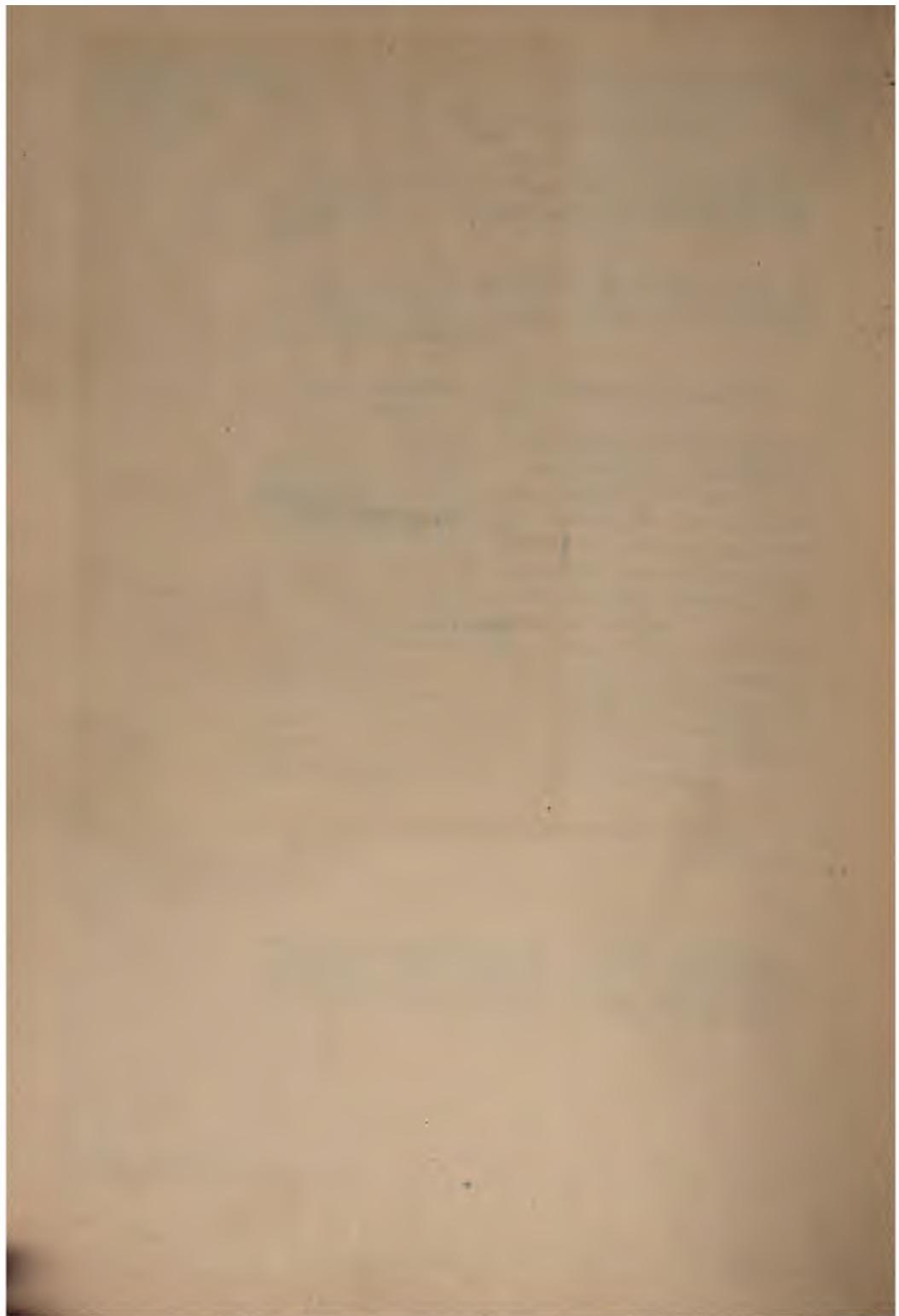
Thus (gentle Readers) trayning these two Lovers, I will  
end this Pamphlet : her returning to his Father's house, to  
past away the time with paine, and she to her lodging : and  
gratulating Fortune with many thankes, in that she had es-  
capeth the cruell punishment which Paurinio purposed to  
have put in practise : I end. Yours to command.

A vostre commandement et seruice afincq;

R. Turner.







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